

PENTECOST A.D. 1984



JUL 5 1984



The Anglican digest

CREAM OF THE CROP

IN HIS IMAGE

Dr. Paul Brand &
Philip Yancey

A SELECTION OF THE
EPISCOPAL BOOK CLUB

Retail \$12.95; cost to EBC members averages \$7.50 for each of the four books they receive postpaid for \$30 annual membership fee.

IN HIS IMAGE by Paul Brand, MD, and Philip Yancey, is the Summer 1984 selection of the Episcopal Book Club. It carefully rounds out the authors' well received study, *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made* (EBC Winter '81). The first volume centered on the analogy between the human body and the Church as the Body of Christ. Its thorough, scripture-related chapters concentrated on cells, bones, skin, and motion. The second pursues the same theme as it takes up the topics of image, blood, head, spirit, and pain. Whereas Dr Brand and Mr Yancey emphasized the individual cells and their varying roles within the body, they now focus on the

connections, the forces unifying and guiding that body, and the involvement of God. ("He is asking us to be the chief bearers of His likeness in the world," says Dr Brand at the outset. "As spirit, He remains invisible on this planet, relying on us to give flesh to that spirit, to bear the image of God.") I began reading the bound galleys of *In His Image* while aboard a Cathay Pacific flight returning from China. For three weeks I had lived among the world's largest population of images of God — yellow-skinned, black-haired images, different from the image I saw in my mirror or seated across the aisle, but images nonetheless. Like anything long awaited, the book had the power to disappoint. Instead, it reawakened wonder and awe at how ingeniously the body is fashioned. As the plane pressed onward across Europe, I thought of the urgency of our mission to put the book into the hands of Church people everywhere. For a moment there in the sky, sleeping passengers all around me, I thought that surely this book might change the world. It can't, of course — or can it? At most, it may change some lives — make them a little less petty, a bit more exalted — and that is changing things, at least a little, at least for a while!

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the Anglican digest

A miscellany reflecting the words and work of
the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.

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FR JAMES B SIMPSON, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

FR H L FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-80)

The Anglican Digest (ISSN 0003-3278) is published bi-monthly by SPEAK (Society for Promoting and Encouraging Arts and Knowledge of the Church). Second Class postage paid at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, Volume 26, Number 3.

We would appreciate receiving \$5 a year (\$6 outside US) from each reader.

POSTMASTER: Send changes to Hillspeak, Eureka Springs, AR 72632-9705

A PERPETUAL PENTECOST

NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN the same since the first Pentecost. Our Lord's apostles had been through the loneliness and shame of Good Friday. They had experienced the wonder of Easter and of the days after Easter when they had seen the Lord and talked with Him. They had seen Him taken up into heaven. They had waited patiently in Jeruselem as He had told them to.

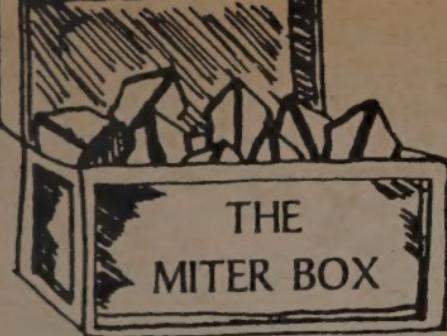
Now, on the day of Pentecost, something happened which we more than they could have imagined. They described it as a day of holy fires and trembling earth and rushing winds, a day when the barriers of language and nationality dissolved before the power of the Lord, the Holy Spirit.

The Strengthener had come to dwell among the people just as the prophets had foretold and as Jesus had promised. [The event takes the name of Pentecost from the Greek name given to the Feast of Weeks (Tobit 2:1), so called because it fell on the 50th day after Passover when the first fruits of the corn harvest were presented (Deuteronomy 16:9) and, in later times, the giving of the Law by Moses was commemorated.]

The handful of apostles and disciples became, in Christ, the New Israel, the Church. These men who had cowered in a locked room for fear of the Jews went boldly out to proclaim the Good News to the world. Never again would they be entirely dependent upon their own strength. Never again would suffering or the threat of death frighten them into inactivity. Going forth in His Name, they would never be without Him.

The companionship they had known on the roads of Palestine had been only a foretaste of what they now knew. Before, they had walked with Jesus; now He dwelt in their hearts and they were filled with the fullness of God. His teachings and examples were recalled to them. The Messiah's peace healed their angers and fears. His love forgave their sins and restored to them the hope of victory.

No wonder the Church observes Pentecost as one of its three great feasts. Whitsunday is not merely an historical commemoration. The flood of power and love of the first Pentecost has never subsided. Christ still fills the hearts of the holy people of God and kindles anew in them the flame of His love.—From a bulletin produced by the Episcopal Foundation of the Diocese of Chicago



选举和任命： Elections and Appointments:

Peter James Lee, 46, since '71 Rector of the Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, Diocese of North Carolina, to be XII Coadjutor of Virginia. Born in Mississippi, reared in Florida, and educated at Washington & Lee and Duke University Law School, he was an Army intelligence officer and newspaperman before going to Virginia Theological Seminary. His election on the 11th ballot followed the unusual procedure of introducing the candidates to a diocese through videotape interviews.

Michael Eric Marshall, 48, Vicar of All Saints, Margaret St, in the Metropolis and Diocese of London, '69-75, where he founded the Institute of Christian Studies, and, since that time, VIII Bishop of Woolwich, Suffragan to Southwark: to be Director of the newly founded Anglican Institute, related to the parish of SS Michael and George, Clayton, Diocese of Missouri; he will take up his US duties 1 September. "His sermons

of 20 minutes seem like only five," said one American who has heard him preach.

John Gilbert Hindley Baker, VIII Bishop of Hong Kong '66-81: to be Assistant Bishop of Guilford. Ordained in Canton in '34, he cared for refugees during the Japanese invasion of China, and after the war taught at Shanghai's Theological College before answering a call from Christ Church, Guildford, Diocese of Connecticut. In '55 he became General Secretary of the Overseas Council under Geoffrey Fisher, 99th Archbishop of Canterbury, remaining in that post until he returned to Hong Kong.

Robert Cawthorn Beak, 59, who as a young priest settled into African mission work '56-69, rearing a family of four while also introducing farming to the Sambur tribesmen: to be Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Mount Kenya East. Now a widower, he relinquishes a Devonshire parish to take up residence in the town of Marsabit, an oasis in a vast desert region.

Cecil Richard Norgate, 62, missionary priest in the Diocese of Masasi, Tanzania, since '54: to be VIII Bishop of Masasi, succeeding **Gayo Hilary Chisonga**, who retired last December.

Owen Douglas Dowling, 49, Assistant Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, Australia, since '81: to be VIII Diocesan. →

Raphael Shiro Kajiwara, to be Bishop of Yokohama, and Paul Kinichi Yashiro, to be Bishop of Kobe. [TAD still seeks a list of Apostolic Succession in Japan.]

¶ Retirements and Resignations:

John Kingsmill Cavell, 67, IX
Bishop of Southampton, Suffragan

to Rochester, since '72 and for the last nine years Bishop of Her Majesty's Prisons and Borstals, retires to the Diocese of Salisbury in June.

Paul Lee, Bishop of Seoul, resigned in November '83.

¶ Deaths:

Charles Alfred Voegeli, 79, a



FOUR SOLEMN COUNTEMANCES mark the moment that the Prince of Wales leaves the lectern of Washington Cathedral after reading a lesson at Evening Prayer. 'Neath miters and furrowed brows, the Primates—the Archbishop of Canterbury (left) and the Presiding Bishop—steal sidewise glances at Prince Charles pacing behind a verger and angel-topped wand. The memorable photograph is one of 20 included in Seasons of the Spirit (EBC, Winter '83), but Bishop Allin was lost in the tightly bound "gutter" of the book. Always eager to transcend technological deprivations, TAD herewith reprints the picture so that all may have a full view of the Primates' peek at a Prince. Sixpence for their thoughts!

native of Hawthorne, NJ, who served parishes in Harrington Park and Ho Ho Kus, NJ, was Dean of St Luke's Cathedral Church, Ancon, in the Missionary Diocese of Panama, '38-43, and who, fluent in French and Spanish, was IV Bishop of Haiti '43-71 (also acting simultaneously for 17 years as Bishop-in-Charge of the Diocese of the Dominican Republic) before an antagonistic Haitian government forced him to resign, and who, on returning to the US, confirmed in several dioceses, especially in the New York metropolitan area; from the Cathedral Church of the Incarnation, Garden City, Diocese of Long Island.

George Vincent Gerard, CBE, MC, 85, Assistant Bishop of Sheffield '47-71, and Bishop of Waiapu, New Zealand '38-44, who won the Military Cross for distinguished service in WW I, was ordained in '22 and served parishes in New Zealand. During WW II he was Senior Chaplain to the New Zealand Forces '40-41, was taken prisoner, and in '43 repatriated to Britain, where he spent the remainder of his life. The official history of the New Zealand Army Chaplains, *Men of Faith and Courage*, cites him for bravery, and Canon James D Preece said in London's *Church Times* that Bishop Gerard "has left to the parishes and people of this diocese—and, in his humility, all unknown to

himself—the memory of himself: the sensing that we had a saint in our midst."

Thomas Bloomer, 89, 62nd Bishop of Carlisle '46-66, an Irishman who became Vicar of Barking in '35 when a population of 50,000 made it one of the largest parishes in southern England and who for his work there during the blitz was made a Chaplain to the King in '44. Later, in the House of Lords he made eloquent pleas for "the positive pursuit of peace," arguing that nuclear disarmers were concentrating too much on that issue and not enough on removing the causes of war in general.

Alan Alexander Buchanan, 76, the 57th Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland '69-77, who was born in County Tyrone and educated at Dublin's Masonic Law School, began his ministry 54 years ago in the Church of Ireland Mission in Belfast, and then served as a parachuting Chaplain to the First Airborne Division through the Arnhem landings; he was 51st Bishop of Clogher for nine years before translation to Dublin.

Thomas Wilfred Wilkinson, 79, III Bishop of Brandon, Rupert's Land, Canada, '69-75. →



miter 1c : 1 11th century, 2 12th century,
3 15th century, 4 18th century, 5 20th century

Honors:

Albert Theodore Eastman, 55, VI Coadjutor of Maryland since '82, and John Jo Yamada, Bishop of Tokyo: the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Virginia Theological Seminary.



Bishops and Books:

Now Is the Accepted Time: Writings and Prayers of Stephen F Bayne Jr, V Bishop of Olympia '47-60 and first Executive Officer of the Anglican Communion, compiled by Wilbur C Woodhaus, 92 pp, \$1.85, Forward Movement, 412 Sycamore St, Cincinnati, OH 45202.

Church and Nation in a Secular Age, by John Stapylton Habgood, 97th Archbishop of York, \$10, Darton, Longman and Todd, 89 Lillie Rd, London SW6.

For God Alone: The life of George West, Bishop of Rangoon ['35-45], by John Tyndale-Biscoe, \$7.60, Amate Press, Oxford OX2 6UL.

Hope and Suffering: Sermons and Speeches, by Desmond Tutu, Assistant Bishop of Johannesburg and General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches, 168 pp, \$6.95, Wm Eerdmans Co, 255 Jefferson Ave, Grand Rapids, MI 49503.

—Compiled by Georgia S Maas

LIFE'S MELODY

THERE IS no music in a "rest" but there is the making of music in it. In our whole Life Melody, the music is broken off here and there by "rests" and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced rest and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the "rests"? See him beat time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady as if no breaking place had come in between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. But it is ours to learn the time and not to be dismayed by the "rests."

They are not to be slurred, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, nor to change the keynote. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.—John Ruskin, quoted by Organist William Whitaker, St Paul's, Riverside, Diocese of Chicago



BRIGHT GLIMMERS OF GROWTH *

IN THE PAST TWO DECADES, the Episcopal Church, along with most major Christian bodies, has suffered a loss of members. Although initially our rate of decline was more precipitous than that of most communions, it began to taper off sooner, and the Episcopal Church now seems to be recovering more rapidly than other bodies of comparable size. They still are losing members, while we, in our domestic dioceses, have seen a 1% upturn.

Our decline began in 1966 – well before controversies over changes in the liturgy, the ministry, and social activism became acute. And, while it might have been expected (and often was alleged) that these controversies have been the principal cause of our decline, statistics indicate that such has not been the case. The unfortunate loss of about 20,000 Episcopalians following the change in the canons to permit the ordination of women to the priesthood and the episcopate was only part of the overall picture. Our downward curve was, in fact, diminishing more rapidly than that of other communions while controversies raged among us. This was true even though our total figures had to absorb the loss of overseas dioceses no longer included in our reports.

The amazing truth is that we are showing net gains despite facts that ought to weaken us.

We think the resilience of the Episcopal Church may be attributed to two elements – pastoral tolerance and evangelism (using each term in a very broad sense).

DESPITE ATTEMPTS of some bishops and not a few parish priests to enforce conformity, the overall pattern has been one of tolerance of differing points of view. The House of Bishops in its Port St Lucie (Fl) Resolution of 1977 indicated that those opposing the ordination of

* Fr John Schultz, editorial in *The Episcopal Church Annual 1984*. He is Director, Management Information Systems, at Manhattan's Episcopal Church Center. Born in Scarsdale, NY, in 1917, Fr Schultz is a graduate of Columbia and General. Since that time, he has been a school chaplain and director of religious education, and over a period of 29 years he was rector of parishes in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He came to his present post in 1977.

women are to be permitted to follow their conscience in the matter while still remaining loyal members of the Church. The principal thrust of the resolution was to apply such permission to lesser clergy and lay persons since the bishops of Minneapolis (the 65th General Convention, 11-22 Sept '76) already had given themselves permission to dissent from the new canon. There are today more than 35 bishops who list themselves as

the stability of the Church. In any event, we think it is the spirit of parochialism [parishes acting independently], rather than any commitment to the principles of Anglican tolerance, that is responsible for the fact that even violent controversy has not resulted in greater losses.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH has never sustained itself by raising new members from within. Many baptised in the Church are

"We have survived only by attracting and assimilating adults . . . We must continue to evangelize . . ."

opposed to the ordination of women—five more than the 30 who did so at Port St Lucie. The Evangelical and Catholic Mission (ECM), a society opposed to such ordination on grounds of scripture and tradition, flourishes.

While the 1979 *Book of Common Prayer* is our only official liturgy, texts from the 1928 book may still be used under limited circumstances. Many parishes use Rite I—nearest to the 1928 text—exclusively; others provide for traditionalists at a particular service. In a similar vein, the text of the new Hymnal was revised substantially by General Convention to accommodate the concerns of various groups.

We do not encourage parochialism but simply note its effect on

never presented for Confirmation. Many of those confirmed drop out and do not return. We have survived only by attracting and assimilating adults, a fact that has never been so clear as in our recent statistics.

In the last four years we have baptized 7,000 adults annually, as contrasted with less than 6,000 previously. And our receptions from other Catholic bodies also have increased to 7,000 annually. Last year, we had 21,256 adult confirmands.

However, we still had a minimum of 15,000 dropouts—persons who became inactive in the year in which we were beginning to show growth. Our net domestic membership gain last year was almost

LORD, HELP ME LOSE WEIGHT

IT IS STILL June as I begin this column for the July issue. Of what shall I write? Graduation and commencements? Brides and weddings? Father's Day? My vacation?

June is Dairy Month, especially in the state of Wisconsin. I'm talking about food again, but this time it has nothing to do with gardening. It has to do with weight loss.

I'm being personal. I've dieted for years and nothing much has

(Bright Glimmers, continued)

28,000. But at the same time we had lost almost half as many people as we had gained. The message is obvious. We must not only continue to evangelize, but we must also be sure that both new and lifetime Episcopalians are assimilated fully into the life and work of the Church.

The message is obvious. The Anglican spirit of tolerance, of pastoral concern, and, yes, even the tolerance of whatever good may lie in parochialism, coupled with a continuing renewal of evangelism, may not only make our membership numbers look better, but may represent a Church facing 1984 with a deepened measure of faith, hope, and love. □

happened. We live in a strange world; some of us are starving because we are underfed, others are headed for a premature grave because we are overfed. I am overfed and underexercised.

The genes on my father's side of the family tended toward the cowboy figure or that of the athlete. On the other side of the family the genes seemed to be more pasta- and starch-centered. Unfortunately, I take after my mother.

I remember the times I used to be weighed in the doctor's office. I'd go in without my belt. I'd leave my billfold behind, and I'd even wear sandals. There are no limits in deceiving both doctor and self.

Why this sudden concern for weight loss? I have a friend who cares about my future and talks to me about my evil ways.

Dear reader, if you are a priest, don't kid yourself, you can't hide the extra weight under vestments.

Why do I suddenly have faith that I can lose weight? Because there are a few who care what I look like and how I feel.

How much confidence do I have in my ability to trim down, to feel more comfortable, to walk a little





ONLY ON SUNDAYS

MORBUS SABBATICUS is a peculiar disease.

1. The symptoms vary but never interfere with the appetite.
2. It never lasts more than 24 hours.
3. No physician is ever called.
4. It is contagious.

(Lord, Help Me Lose, continued)

lighter in my new gift Adidas shoes, and to breathe with greater ease? I have enough confidence that I bought a pair of walking shorts with a waist size two inches smaller than I need. So, now to slim down.

The Church really cares about me, my mind and my body, as well as my soul. One little hint: believe it or not, it is more fun to lose 80 ounces than to lose five pounds.

Someone out there, won't you please write and encourage me? I welcome any and all suggestions. My problem is not mine alone. I share it with many, but that is small comfort.—Fr Elmer Maier, Priest-in-Charge, St Barnabas, Richland Center, Diocese of Milwaukee

The attack comes on suddenly on Sunday. No symptoms are ever felt on Saturday night. The patient awakes as usual, feeling fine, and eats a hearty breakfast.

About 9 am the attack strikes and lasts until noon; then the patient is much improved and is able to take a ride, visit friends, watch TV, work in the garden, mow the lawn, or read the Sunday paper.

The patient eats a hearty supper, but the attack comes on again and lasts through the early evening. Patient is able to go to work on Monday as usual.

The ailment is often fatal to the soul.—St Andrew's, Poughkeepsie, Diocese of New York



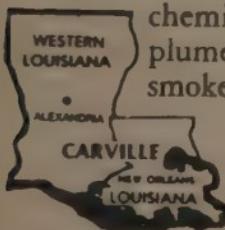
—All Saints Convent, Catonsville, Md

AMID BIBLES AND MICROSCOPES



IT IS A SUNNY September day at the end of General Convention in New Orleans when we seek out EBC's current author, Dr Paul Brand, at the US Government Hospital near Carville, La.

Leaving the main highway, our automobile snakes 12 miles through rich river-bottom country. On the distant horizon a glistening



chemical plant sends plumes of light silver smoke into the bright sky as if announcing a pope's election.

Egrets feed in verdant marshes. Prison gangs work on crops beneath the watchful eye of an armed guard on horseback. Indeed, there is much activity along "the road to nowhere." For more than a century it has been traveled by lepers seeking treatment in lonely exile. It brings to mind the jungle trail leading to Dr Albert Schweitzer's hospital in French Equatorial Africa. A grassy, gently sloping levee — brooding protectiveness — parallels the road.

A graciously proportioned mansion at the hospital gate indicates that the area was a plantation prior to the hospital's founding in 1871.

Beyond stretch white stucco wards and breezeways sheltering 350 patients.

Sister Frances de Sales, Daughter of Charity, rises smilingly from her desk. She counts four decades at
(Continued on page 14)

BRAND'S CO-AUTHOR

ON A MID-JANUARY day well below zero I met Philip Yancey, 34, to discuss *In His Image*, the second book that he has co-authored with Dr Paul Brand. I'd already found both books to be highly readable, informative, and persuasive for understanding the belief that we are made in God's image.

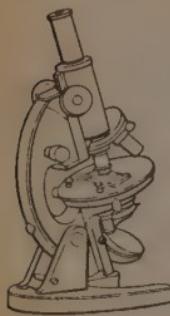
During our talk over lunch in Chicago, Phil Yancey said his parents had met at Bible school and were planning to become missionaries when his father was fatally stricken with polio in 1950. Yancey grew up liking books and later a summer course in biology opened up the outside world to him. He, too, wanted to be a missionary but was told he was too young and inexperienced. As a
(Continued on page 14)

her post, broken by an eight-year period when she was secretary to her order's Mother General in

Paris. Sister conducts callers to Dr Brand's study, a cubbyhole with faded green walls. The physician is browsing before his bookcase. Alongside is a framed original of a drawing from his book *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made* (EBC, Winter '81; Dr Brand was introduced to readers in TAD, Advent '81). His desk sports several glass elephants from India, where he was born in 1915. It also displays a newly designed shoe for victims of what the world now calls HD—Hansen's Disease. A chalkboard displays his sketches of cells and muscles. Only yesterday he lectured on "Beautiful Feet," artfully combining his knowledge of bone structure with references to Isaiah and to Christ's foot-washing.

A spare, sixtyish man, he speaks with the slight English accent of his parents, who were Baptist missionaries to India. In their family's mission compound, Paul Brand and his sister studied the King James Bible along with the *Book of Common Prayer*.

"I love its timelessness and oneness with generations past," he



says. "The succinct economy of words is at its best in the public prayers. I often use the Prayer Book Lectionary and collects when I'm asked to preach." →

(*Brand's Co-Author, continued*)

result, he began writing and selling articles and never became a missionary, as such. It was while he was writing the book entitled *Where Is God When It Hurts?* that he heard of Dr Brand's work with lepers. Of their latest book together, he feels that it has many implications for human behavior and considerable humanism.

"We're saying that all individuals have value, not just people who believe as we do," he says. "We're saying that the world, as crazy and mixed up as it is, contains much of beauty and value. I believe that there is God and, if that's true, then it's the most important fact of existence. I look at people who have no frame of reference other than themselves and I don't like what I see. I think humanity works better when it lives in awareness of a higher authority."

Of his vocation as a writer, Yancey says that he's "not the kind of writer who will sit in a room and spend years on a novel. I'm more of a communicator and never want to lose touch with people who are readers." —Miriam Berkley, *Publishers Weekly*

It was, in fact, a series of hour-long talks, "A Doctor's God," prepared for a hospital staff in India, that prompted requests that Dr Brand put his material into a book. In response, he thoroughly explored a favorite theme—the human body and the body of Christ.

He reads the Bible daily, using one of several translations on a nearby shelf, and has nightly prayers with his wife—"and, of course, any time during the day," he adds. He met her in wartime London, and they were married in Emmanuel Church in Middlesex. She is an Episcopalian and sings in the small choir of the hospital church.

On his frequent visits to the land of his childhood, Dr Brand finds the Church of South India and the Church of North India to be "largely Episcopal in form." And he adds that "its liturgy is one of the loveliest: you recognize its Anglican form with unique features from many traditions."

Turning to the world of medicine, Dr Brand says he is often asked, "What causes leprosy?" He

replies, "The easy answer is, 'I don't know'. Actually there is no combination of factors except that it is highly visible and unclean. It is *not* leprosy as described in Leviticus. Technically, it is the disease caused by the germ *Mycobacterium leprae*, a fungus closely related to tuberculosis. The germ is a greater problem now than 30 years ago when we began treatment with sulfa. Now it has learned to eat the drug, enjoy it, and thrive on it."

Dr Brand's words recall his books. To his surprise, they have brought many letters, especially from disfigured patients. They write of their joy in knowing that, beneath unattractiveness, they are "wonderfully made."

White-haired and pink-cheeked, deeply respected at Carville and among a widening circle of readers, Dr Brand anticipates retirement in a few years. He will live near his children in Minnesota or Washington. Paul Brand, in his own lifetime, may well see the dread disease of leprosy better understood because he has a faith that moves mountains—and *Mycobacterium leprae*.—JBSt

Ghosts, geographies, histories, stories he heard from his father—all of these fed Michael's lively imagination. He created for himself a world of fantasy in which he was a dignitary in a distant, exotic land. One day to his family's amazement he wrote his own epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Arthur Michael Ramsey, for many years Bishop of Peking."—*The Hundredth Archbishop of Canterbury*, Fall '62 selection of the Episcopal Book Club

STAMPED IN GOD'S IMAGE



FOR THE Christian, God the Great First Cause is person and each individual is by virtue of personality stamped in God's image. Jesus as man was subject to the limitations of time and a child of His age, rooted in the past. Jesus as God is timeless, the self-expression of God in the highest terms capable of being understood by the human mind—the terms of a perfectly lived human life.

My observation of human nature suggests that love of self is both isolating and deceiving. Self-awareness seems rather to come from measuring oneself against the yardstick of Jesus and love of neighbor from drawing on God's love and seeing God in others. The temptation to let one's own personality dominate others is the seduction of the way of self. True Christians seek to let the personality of Jesus dominate theirs through both absorbing and being absorbed by theirs, and they see in the collectivity of all in whom Jesus thus lives His continually developing mystical body.

Only when seeing with the eye of Jesus (usually only dimly because of our inadequacies) do we really see light and darkness. That is

why, like Francis of Assisi, we pray that in our bodies we may share Christ's humanity and in our souls be driven by the exceeding great love which motivated Him.

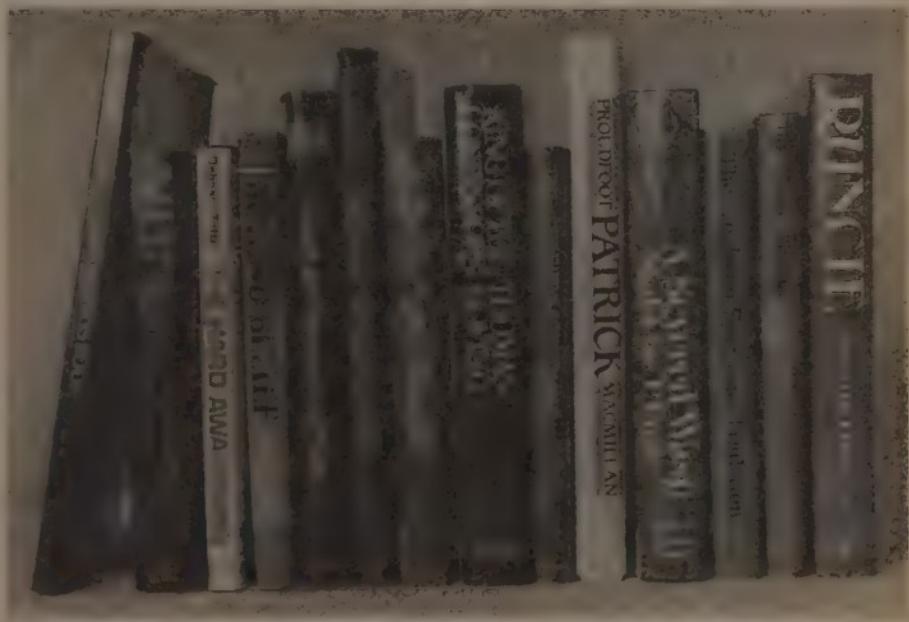
There are no limits in being at one with God through Christ. The great mystics of the past, as Aldous Huxley pointed out in *Perennial Philosophy*, are evidence for the fact of unitary knowledge of God. Christ, the historical fact, for Christians must be "the way"; and the pursuit of that way must be to the exclusion of other ways whose contribution to the development of mankind's understanding of God needs fully to be recognized and embraced.

Those of us who share a faith in Christ must surely take pride with the new Archbishop of York that our faith is public and hope that it becomes increasingly established in both individual and state.—Sir John Ford, Lay Administrator, Diocese of Guildford, in a letter to *The Times of London*

Too often we feel that the Church and all other charitable agencies are simply trying to get away from us what is ours.—Fr Jack Knight, St Gregory's, Littleton, Diocese of Colorado

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complete coupon on page 47 and mail today!

THE NURSING HOME ON ANTHONY ROAD

IT IS EVEN more hectic today. The room is used for meals, and the old people are slow about finishing their breakfasts and feeble in getting themselves to their feet in time to allow anyone to rearrange the room for a religious service. Today, the usual workers who mop the floor and clean the chairs and pull the tables out of the way are conspicuously absent. A few early comers to church have found places to sit—some of them with their backs to the table Fr Michael Burney Milligan has arranged for Holy Communion.

TV is loud in one corner of the big room, and animated conversation is going on above that noise. As 10:30 draws near, Fr Milligan determines to proceed, nevertheless. Only half of the usual crowd is present, but they are waiting, and he doesn't want to disappoint them.

One wonders what these people make of the liturgy, for many of them come from congregationalist-type churches where they seem to make up their own hymns as they go along. There are certain songs from the Baptist hymnal they do know, and it is from these that Fr Milligan chooses our hymns for

each service. It is apparent that the people take a great deal of pleasure in watching Fr Milligan vest. Since we have no anteroom to use for this purpose, he goes through that ritual in full view.

While holding the Prayer Book at a good height and angle for the priest, I add a wafer for each person who now straggles in. The talking in the corner continues. One man goes out by the side door to relieve himself, buttoning up his clothes as he returns. In the adjacent hall voices are raised in disagreement. For the hymns, I leave my post as acolyte to dash to the piano, then return in time to pick up the Prayer Book again. I race to the piano three times during the service.

Just as we are beginning with "In the name of the . . .," the intercom speakers blare forth urgent directions for certain people to gather for psychiatric counseling in Room C and for the Director to please answer Line 9. The priest almost forgets to communicate himself.

After the last hymn and benediction, I follow Fr Milligan with the chalice as he goes down the halls of the home to those confined

ALL ABOARD FOR PROSPERITY

AS CHILDREN, many of us read the story of *The Little Engine That Could*. With much huffing and puffing, the little engine did. There is a little engine



at the corner of Sixth and M Streets, SW, that could, too—if it would. It also huffs and puffs. Quite often it moans and groans. It

(The Nursing Home, continued)

to their beds. Donald, a Roman Catholic, takes a position behind the altar to guard the wine until we return. When we get back, we find the room filled with a visiting senior citizens' group giving out coffee and cookies.

I never cease to wonder at those who come to worship or at Fr Milligan's ability to carry on the service no matter what the distractions. We are flustered a bit, it is true, but at the same time it all seems somehow appropriate. As Donald says, "Our Lord doesn't care . . . look at all the places He went!"—Maria Basinski, St Francis, Macon, Diocese of Atlanta

spends time wondering which track to take, what stops to make, what the trip will cost, and whether there will be enough passengers. The result: long stops at Debate and Delay. What a way to run a railroad!

With a little fine-tuning, an injection of good fuel, and an enthusiastic crew, what a trip that little engine could take. There could be longer stops at Education to delve into our heritage and our future. We could explore the many byways of Outreach and perhaps even reach Social Concern. We might travel new routes to Liturgy and Music, and take some side trips into Ourselves, go on to Our Community, and finally reach The Nation and The World. The passenger could decide the route. The engineer and crew could lead them on it.

We have the opportunity to begin our trip now. The results of the Every-Member Canvass will determine the route we follow. Will it be the well trodden way of Nonadventure reached by way of Procrastination, Lack of Concern, and Little Commitment—or will we rev up the engine and travel the high road of True Adventure, tak-

ing the direct route through Commitment, Time, and Effort? Which route shall we follow? The little engine waits.—Barbara Hurlbutt, Vestrywoman, St Augustine's in the City and Diocese of Washington (DC)

AHEM!

BETTER NOW

MANY INSIGHTS come from the search process after a vacancy occurs in a parish. We all work hard to find the right priest for a vacant post, and we should. Do we, however, do as much as we might for our incumbent clergy? Where there is a happy and productive matching of priest and congregation, why not let him hear it? Let us not wait until he dies or leaves for a new post to assure him that he is wanted and is appreciated. Whether it is a word of praise or the timely refurbishing of the rectory bathroom or the vicarage garage, we can give to our clergy that encouragement which gladdens any heart. There can be lonely stretches for a priest, as for any other human being, and an appreciative word or action at that time would mean more than a eulogy at his funeral or a verbal bouquet at his farewell dinner.—Donald J Parsons, VI Bishop of Quincy (II)

FOR AS LONG as there have been Christians, there have been Christian hymns. Wherever the good news of Jesus Christ is heard, people start to sing about it.

When the faith began to spread in the ancient world, people wanted to know who these Christians were. The Roman governor Pliny wrote telling his emperor that they kept a strict moral code, met for fellowship meals, and on a regular day came together before sunrise to recite a hymn to Christ. Hymn-singing marked out the Christian: it could be dangerous!

For a different generation, television and radio have shown how much hymns are part of our popular culture, and how they speak to people's needs as much as ever.

Hymns express many feelings—joy and praise to God, love and concern, shame and penitence, hope and trust. They often bring people together. Some hymns have been sung for centuries, linking us with previous generations. They unite a vast cathedral congregation with lonely Christians in prison, a hospital patient with worshippers in church or chapel. Hymn-singing helps to show what a delightful mixture the Christian family is, with all its



BRINGING UP DEAN

THE ORIGINS of Dean Gooderham Acheson, US Secretary of State in the Truman administration, seem fairly modest, notwithstanding his bristling mustache and aristocratic bearing. His mother was the daughter of a wealthy Canadian whiskey distiller. His father, Edward Campion Acheson, emigrated from Ireland to Canada and eventually to the States, where he became VI Bishop of Connecticut.

The future cabinet member was born 11 April 1893 at Middletown, Ct (then the home of Berkeley Divinity School, since removed to New Haven) and years later was to say that with a mother from a distilling family and a father who was a clergyman, he knew good and evil at an early age.

"Bishop Acheson, who had served in the regiment subduing Indians in western Canada, was a man of action as well as the cloth," wrote biographer Ronald Steel.

(Ahem! continued)

God-given variety of taste and temperament.—Christopher Idle, Limehouse, Diocese of London, *Stories of Our Favorite Hymns*, Lion, UK, and Eerdmans, USA, 1980, \$10.95.

"He imbued his son with a sense of ethics, tradition, and competitiveness."

Steel goes on to observe that "the position of the clergy is a peculiar one: it is at once dependent on the favors of the rich it serves and somewhat elevated in status above the poor to whom it ministers. It has access to the top, and even a small portal of entry, but must always be on good behavior. Bishop Acheson prepared his son to slip through that portal: first at Groton [also Franklin Roosevelt's prep school, headed by a famous Episcopal priest, Dr Peabody], the most prestigious and most English of American private schools; then at Yale, for a mixture of scholarship and society; and finally at Harvard Law, for instruction in acquiring money and power." [When reporters asked when he would wear a red vest his wife had given him for Christmas, the bishop's son was gentlemanly reticent to the last. "I shall wear it when we are alone," he said.]—Taddled from *Esquire*



TRINITY CHURCH, WALL STREET

WHEN PEOPLE first visit or hear about the venerable old Manhattan parish of Trinity Church, Wall Street, the question often arises, "But who goes there?"

A symbol seen in silhouette down the canyon of the world's most populous financial district, a cherished place of history and outreach, almost the personification of that odd admixture of wealth and religious tradition that suggests the term "Episcocrats"—all these rise to conscious thought in connection with what is probably the most heavily endowed parish in Anglicanism. But none of them touch the reality of the place as the center of a serious congregational life, an active and conscious stewardship of resources for the furthering of God's kingdom.

To be inside Trinity or to wander in its churchyard is indeed to experience sanctuary in the most positive senses [see "Time and Tombstones," TAD Lent '82]. It is a place of oasis—a watering, refreshing, retrenching, reflecting spot for the multitudes of those

who work amidst the hectic bustle of the crowded, narrow old streets.

From 7 o'clock every morning to its closing at 6 PM, scores of people visit Trinity or its chapel, St Paul's, just a few short blocks up Broadway at Fulton Street. There are nearly 2,000 daily, many of whom participate in one of the formal daily worship services. Others come for a moment of quiet, a word of prayer. The side chapel of All Saints, built as a memorial to Fr Morgan Dix, Trinity's IX Rector (1862-1908), whose life and witness personify Trinity's commitment of service to the poor and dispossessed of the city, is set apart specifically for meditation and private prayer. It is never empty and its vigil stand's 60 candles are replenished constantly throughout the day.

Still others are drawn by cultural interests, for special concert series or the new museum wing, or simply as tourists.

Who goes there is businessmen and cleaning ladies, office workers and street people, the side aisles often the daytime sanctuary of homeless persons knowledgeable
(Continued on page 29)

God has been worshipped on this site since 1697 →





Interior, Trinity Church, New York



Blessed Sacrament is reserved in All Saints Chapel of Trinity Church



BEAUTIES IN THE BARN

THE PAST, present, and the future are honored in two recent acquisitions in the big red barn that serves as TAD's corporate headquarters at Hillspeak near Eureka Springs in the Arkansas Ozarks. One is a fine portrait of the Father Founder and the other is a shiny long-needed computer that will be called Martha.

Since the beginning of the Episopal Book Club in 1953, followed by TAD five years later, several artists have worked to capture the cherubic countenance of Fr Howard Lane Foland. None has succeeded better than portraitist Cornelia Pruett, who lives and works in another Ozark mountain hamlet aptly known as Green Forest. Her handsomely framed work was accepted on Hillspeak's behalf by the senior trustee, Judge William Walker of Harrison, Ar. The unveiling was attended by his colleagues, Rabie Rhodes of the First National Bank, Harrison, and Fr Edward L Salmon Jr, who is chairman of trustees and Rector of SS Michael and George at Clayton, Mo., a suburb of St Louis. The

painting will hang in the Writer's Loft in the Foland Library of 8,000 volumes on the second and third floors of the 60-year-old barn. Friends are invited to contribute funds for furnishing the library and shelving its books.

AS for Martha, her arrival coincided with the portrait's completion. It is named for Mrs Martha Bullock of Pensacola, Fl, who in November '82 was the first to respond to appeals for a computer fund and who sent a second gift in April '83. Manufactured by Altos Computers, Inc, San Jose, Ca, it was judged best able to handle TAD's bimonthly mailing to some 75,000 addresses around the world and EBC's quarterly shipment of books to nearly 4,000 members here and abroad.

The computer, work terminals, and printer found a ready home in the Records Room, the barn's cinderblock addition completed in the early 1960s. They replace three Elliot addressing machines, vintage 1940 and second-hand at Hillspeak, at last retired after pro-



← *The Rev'd Howard Lane Foland, DD, LittD*

(Beauties in the Barn, continued)
cessing millions of names during
their long lifetimes.

Martha's busy humming and the rapid typing of her printer contrast with the rambling barn that speaks of another era. Her day-to-day operations are supervised by Records Room Director Tom Walker. He brings considerable experience to his acquaintance with Martha; besides coaxing along the antique equipment for nearly 20 years at Hillspeak, he also installs stereo and video equipment and programs Hillspeak's bells that sound the hours from 7 to 9 PM and also ring the Angelus at 8, 12 noon, and 5PM.

After recording Mrs Bullock as the first US addressee, the computer turned to a series of other "firsts," chosen at random from a heavy backlog of waiting tasks:

First Canadian: Mrs Salome .

Monson, Athabasca, Alberta.

First US bishop: The Rt Rev'd Walter Righter, VII Bishop of Iowa.

First overseas bishop: The Rt Rev'd Kabiri Masaba, II Bishop of Mbale, Uganda, for an EBC membership given him by Joseph Bell of Bedford, TX.

First US priest: Fr John Gray, St Paul's, Hollandale, Diocese of Mississippi.

"We are working as hard and as fast as we can to get the records into the computer while at the same time servicing existing accounts and addressing TADs, books, and money-raising envelopes, as well as adding new prospects for TAD," said Hillspeak's Administrator, Capt Walter R Swindells. "We have just gone to a 12-hour day with split shifts to speed up and facilitate our work."

□

TYPOS

THOSE WHO prepare manuscripts or read proof well know:

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly.

You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by.

'Til the forms are off the presses, it is strange how still it keeps.

It shrinks down in the corner, and it never stirs or peeps.

The typographical error is too small for human eyes

Til the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.

The boss just stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans.

The copy reader drops her head upon her hands and moans.

The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,

But the typographical error is the only thing you sea!

—quoted in *The Anthem*, St Andrew's, Clawson, Diocese of Michigan

(Trinity Church, continued)

of the unstated but real acceptance of their presence amidst the pinstripe suits and polished brasses.

THE IMAGE OF CHRIST

THE IMAGE of the Saviour and His apostles in Trinity's great chancel window represents some of the earliest serious stained glass work in America. The ornamentation reflects partly the high churchmanship of architect Richard Upjohn, who designed the building and its accoutrements within his own commitments and the Anglo-Catholic heritage of the parish. The stained glass was made in a shed behind the church, rather than imported, and the window installation over all vies with that of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, for the honor of being the first major work in glass produced in the US (1844). There is an apocryphal story that the face of St Luke, notably "paler" than the others, was replaced after having been shot out by a disgruntled soldier during The Civil War. □

On Sundays the congregation, one of the fastest growing in the city, averages 300 or more, drawn

from all over the metropolitan area.

There have been three churches on the site. The first (1698-1776),



Angd. in Book

a simple low building, was destroyed by fire. Then came a plain rectangular structure with an imposing 200-foot steeple that was torn down because of structural damage. The present edifice, designed by Richard Upjohn and consecrated on Ascension Day, 1846, is a classic example of Gothic Revival destined to become a national landmark. Its great bronze

doors, illustrating scenes from scripture, sacred history, and events in the life of the nation and the parish, together with the handsome reredos of caen stone from Normandy, France, were gifts of the Astor family.



Trinity's Symbol

THE QUOTABLE PAUL BRAND



Collectively, in all our diversity, we can come together in a community of believers to restore the image of God in the world.



His language to human ears and His shape to human eyes to the ultimate degree.



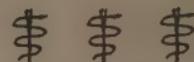
I receive in the Eucharist an infusion of strength and energy by

(Trinity Church, continued)

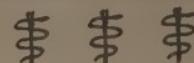
Trinity's fabled wealth dates from the gift to the parish at its inception of the Queen's Farm, a sizable section of lower Manhattan, and the careful stewardship of that resource over the years. Over 1,500 churches, hospitals, schools, camps, and senior citizen centers mark their origins in Trinity's benevolence, which today includes grants of \$1.2 million annually in addition to its "regular" outreach giving.

Its current rector, the Rev Dr Robert Ray Parks, is the fifteenth to serve the parish in its 300-year history.—Fr Leonard Freeman, Trinity Parish Director of Communications, written especially for TAD

availing myself of Christ's own reserves.



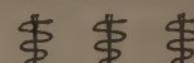
The cross expresses the suffering of God Himself: He joined humanity by stepping into the historical plane and letting us see Him in shame and nakedness and pain.



Physicians and nurses do not heal; we merely coax the body to heal itself. Without its help, our own efforts prove futile.



I ask that in renewing my mind God would program His instructions into me as if they were put there genetically. I ask for an uninterrupted flow of messages from Him and for an obedient response.



I need a time of day to orient myself, to bring heaven and earth together. In the midst of the clamor and tumult of this material world, I must find a place of quietness to listen to the still, small voice for guidance of my life. □



AN ANTHOLOGY SUGGESTED BY IN HIS IMAGE



GOD, WHO . . . hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son . . . the express image of His Son . . . —*Epistle to the Hebrews*

And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. —*I Corinthians*

All glory be to Thee, O Lord our God, for that Thou didst create heaven and earth, and didst make us in Thine own image . . . —*The Book of Common Prayer*

Humane treatment may raise up one in whom the divine image has long been obscured. —Fyodor Dostoyevsky

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man made in the image of his Creator?
—William Jennings Bryan

Time is the image of eternity. —Plato

. . . Who kills a man kills a

reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. —John Milton

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins, / Some true, some light, but every one of you / Stamp'd with the image of the King. —Alfred, Lord Tennyson

He is tracing His own divine image on all who look to Him. —E B Pusey

We each of us make Christ in our own image. —Archbishop Runcie

Children are the purest, clearest and most transparent image of God. —Pope John Paul II

Unless all existence is a medium of revelation, no particular revelation is possible. —William Temple

In the Father, there is no un-Christness at all. —Michael Ramsey





POTPOURRI



NEWS RELEASES WE NEVER FINISHED READING

"Sunshine glowed on the balding head of the tall, slender bishop-elect . . ."—Diocese of Georgia News Bureau

BULLS IN THE BULLETIN

Booker T Washington said, "No man can hold another man in the butter without remaining there himself."—St Paul's, Shreveport, La

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

A story making the rounds of the Diocese of Johannesburg is that its II Diocesan, Ambrose Reeves (1949-61), kept by his bedside a stack of parish newsletters that carried accounts of the clergy's doings and regarded them as his favorite form of fiction.

Because of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, alternate-side parking will be suspended in New York City tomorrow. All other rules remain in effect.—*New York Times*, 7 Dec 1983

Blest be the tithe that binds. —A sign on the undercroft wall of Trinity, Granville, NY.

The Warrington, Va, *Fauquier Democrat*: If you are one of the hundreds of parachuting enthusiasts who bought *Easy Sky Diving*,

please correct page 8, line 7; the words "state zip code" should read "pull rip cord."

DC ECUSA ON TV—*Episcopal Evangel*, Diocese of Montana, headlining report of a telecast from the Washington Cathedral of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America

The Confession of St Pete—Berkeley Divinity School

Our Annual Twelfth Night Pot Luck Supper will be held on Friday, 6 Jan after a celebration of the Eucharist at 6 PM. Please bring a covered dish, either a main course or a vegetable. The Holy Spirit is organizing everything, so listen for His/Her (?) directions.—Diocese of New York

Invitations to the consecration of Fr Charles Judson Child Jr [as VII Bishop of Atlanta] were sent to local dignitaries with dress for clergy indicated as white stoles; it raised a few eyebrows, not to mention some snickers, when Governor Frank Harris sent his regrets to "Reverend White Stoles." Too bad. Betcha a preacher named White Stoles would be something in the pulpit.—Columnist Ron Hudspeth, *Atlanta Constitution*

By long custom, Cathedral time is 5 minutes later than standard

time.—Christ Church Cathedral in the City and Diocese of Oxford

THIS ABOVE ALL

□ The choir library register of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, Diocese of London, has an entry that reads: *God Is Gone Up*, top shelf right.—*Times of London*

MAKES THE HEART GLAD

□ The Conference on the Religious Life in the Americas embraces 24 Anglican communities representing 650 monks and nuns. The associates of the orders are an estimated 50,000 clergy and lay persons.—Brother Andrew, SSP, Chairman, CRLA

MAKES THE HEART WARM

□ The 100-year-old rectory of St Thomas Parish, Plymouth, Diocese of Northern Indiana, sweltered in high temperatures for nearly a hundred years as generations of plumbers and electricians told vexed vestries that nothing could be done. The theory was that the furnace in the church basement became over-heated in supplying warmth to another level, namely the rectory's second floor. After 25 years, Fr William Sheridan moved on to the hot-seat of the episcopal palace in South Bend. The next Rector, Fr Gregory Brian Sims, arrived during warm weather and, by Ash Wednesday, dredging up everything he could recall from courses in engineering, descended to the murky waters of the church basement and found that years ago

a valve had been installed backwards. By simply reversing it, he lived comfortably for the next five years before going on to the chilly climes of the Church of the Advent, Orchard Lake, Diocese of Michigan. □

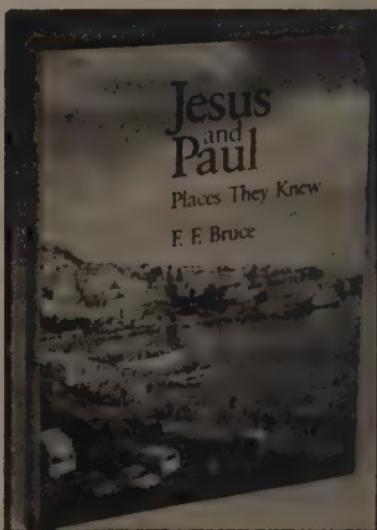
POSITIONS OPEN

Soprano, alto, tenor, bass. No others need apply. Physical qualifications: Must be able to carry light musical notes down center aisle of nave and into chancel. Must have sufficient vision to see the director 20 feet away. Experience: No applications accepted from persons who have never sung, hummed, or whistled in the tub or shower. Wages: Free coffee, best seats in the church, joy and satisfaction in performing a needed ministry. Fringe benefits: Social Security as realized in the security of a social fellowship with other choir members. Hours: Weekday rehearsal at 7:30 Wednesday and at 9:15 Sunday mornings, with occasional opportunities for overtime at the above wages. Vacation: Sick-leave, golf-leave and other liberal arrangements. Retirement: No particular age, but it is generally determined by prayer, printed notes becoming too small, cassock and cotta too heavy, notes too high, church too hot or too cool, or organist unable to play notes you sing.—Emmanuel, La Grange, Diocese of Chicago

COMING NEXT FALL

CHRIST taught for three years, mainly within Palestine, while St Paul's journeys took him throughout the Roman Empire around the Mediterranean. Visualizing them in their geographical settings, we better understand much that has been recorded about them. Written descriptions, color photographs, maps, diagrams, and detailed illustrations bring to life the places that Jesus and Paul knew—from Bethlehem to Calvary and from Tarsus to Rome.—From *Jesus and Paul: Places They Knew*, Fall '84 selection of the Episcopal Book Club. Imported from Britain and selling at \$12.95, it will go postpaid to EBC members at a sav-

ings of nearly 50% over the retail price.



HEAVEN AND HELL

A priest spoke with the Lord about heaven and hell. "I will show you hell," said the Lord, and they went into a room where a large pot of stew sat in the center. The smell was delicious, but around the pot sat famished and desperate people. All were holding spoons with long handles that reached to the pot, but because the handles of the spoons were longer than their arms, it was impossible for them to feed themselves.

"Now I will show you heaven," said the Lord. They entered an identical room with a similar pot of stew. The people had identical spoons, but they were well-nourished and happy, talking to each other. At first, the priest did not understand. "It is simple," said the Lord. "You see, they have learned to feed each other." —St Ann's, Sayville, Diocese of Long Island

THE CHURCH AND LEPROSY



THE CHURCH'S record with regard to leprosy shows ambivalence in several respects—compassion and persecution, charity and condemnation, sympathy and stigmatization. Christian concern for leprosy sufferers is epitomized by a hospital built especially for them in Rome early in the fourth century during the reign of Constantine; and, later in the same century, around 372, St Basil is reported as having built such a hospital in Caesarea.

Several saints in the ecclesiastical calendar are associated with the dread disease. St Lazarus is often called the patron saint of leprosy, but there is some doubt as to which

Lazarus it really is—the Lazarus who sat begging at the gate of Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha of Bethany. In medieval writings, leprosy is frequently referred to as “the disease of St Lazarus,” and we have the words lazaret, lazaret-house (and, medically, lazarine leprosy)—all derived from ancient association. St Giles figures in several churches and hospices that cared for leprosy victims in the Middle Ages; he was the patron of cripples and beggars, as was St Mary Magdalene. The interest of St Francis of Assisi in the plight of lepers is well known. In Anglicanism, the Brothers of Divine Compassion worked with lepers from 1924-36, when their responsibility was assumed by another Anglican order, the Community of the Sacred Passion, a Sisterhood which was then 25 years old and labored mainly in Tanzania. After terms of strenuous service in East Africa, the Sisters needed a rest house in England where they could recuperate. The result was the establishment of Moor House, East Haddingfield, in the Diocese of Chelmsford. It is one of the main centers of modern care and concern for leprosy.—Dr Stanley Browne, *Leprosy in England Yesterday and Today*



St. Peter's, Morristown,
Diocese of Newark (NJ)

THE GOSPEL AND THE LAW

The law says, This *do* and thou shalt live. The gospel says, *Live*, and thou shalt do.

The law says, *pay* me that thou owest. The gospel says, I frankly *forgive* thee all.

The law says, *Make* you a new heart and a new spirit. The gospel says, A new heart I will *give* you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

The law says, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. The gospel says, Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His son to be the propitiation for our sins.

The law says, *Cursed* is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. The gospel says, *Blessed* is the man whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered.

The law says, The *wages* of sin is death. The gospel says, The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The law *demands* holiness. The gospel *gives* holiness.

The law says: *Do!* The gospel says: *Done!*

The law *extorts* the unwilling service of a bondman. The gospel *wins* the loving service of a son and freeman.

The law makes blessings the result of *obedience*. The gospel makes obedience the result of *blessings*.

The law places the day of rest at the end of the week's work. The gospel places it at the beginning.

The law says *If*. The gospel says *Therefore*.

The law was given for the restraining of the old man. The gospel was given to bring liberty to the new man.

Under the law, salvation was *wages*. Under the gospel, salvation is a *gift*. —Hannah Whitall Smith in *The Christian Secret of a Happy Life*

If a man would but go to church with as good a will as men ordinarily do to their markets and fairs, and be in as good earnest at their devotions as men commonly are in driving a bargain; if they would but endure troubles and inconveniences in the way of religion with the same patience and constancy as they do storms and foul ways and mischances when they are travelling about their worldly occasions... I am confident that such a one could not fail of heaven.—John Tillotson, 80th Archbishop of Canterbury, 1691-94

PENTECOST MANDATE

“GO INTO ALL the world and tell the Good News... .” At All Saints, Virginia Beach, in the Diocese of Southern Virginia, we tried a new way of carrying out our Lord’s commandment to go and tell on Pentecost. At a teacher’s meeting we were trying to find some appealing method to help our youngsters experience the meaning of Pentecost. One year we’d sent up balloons. Now, suddenly, Commander Rich Fenn suggested messages in corked bottles! He would have them dropped into the Mediterranean from a Navy ship. Eyes lit up, ideas sprung, the final plan emerged. Each person was asked to write—or in the case of little ones, talk about or draw a picture—of something they would like to say about Jesus to a person who’d never heard of Him. We decided not to put names and addresses inside the bottles because we are not told to spread the Gospel with a return receipt requested. However, each young person put his or her name on the outside of a bottle and Commander Fenn requested his Navy “deliverers” to make a list of where each bottle was dropped. Some who wished to share their message wrote, “Jesus is the wind. Jesus is a man who is loving and

caring. Jesus is inspiration. Jesus makes us free. Jesus is a person who is always with you.” And so, with the help of All Saints Sunday School and the US Navy, some of the Word was “sent out into all the world.”—Marge Moore, *James-town Churchman*

EXCERPT

AT 14, Robert Runcie and a friend were keen on the same girl and when they learned she was planning to attend confirmation classes they decided to go, too. Robert found the Evangelical services to be very plain, tedious, and unattractive . . . But when he made his first Communion it was at St Faith’s [also in Great Crosby, Diocese of Liverpool]; he suddenly found color, ritual, and Catholic devotion which attracted something deep inside him. It offered a form of Christian practice and discipline to which he could respond. He had a deep and indescribable awareness that he was where he should be, following the path that he should take.—Excerpted from Margaret Duggan’s *Runcie: The Making Of An Archbishop*, Hodder & Stoughton, London, 238 pages, to be mailed in December to all members of the Episcopal Book Club □

BURIALS

RELIGIOUS

COMMUNITIES:

All Saints, Oxford, Sr Mary Benedicta, 70; Holy Name, Malvern Link, Sr Verity, 84; Holy Paraclete, Whitby, Sr Joyce, 71; Reparation to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, Clewer, Sr Frideswithe, 88; Sacred Passion, Dar-es-Salaam, Sr Christine, 92; St Anne, Arlington, Ma, Sr Miriam; St Francis Plaistow, Br Nicholas; St John the Baptist, Mendham, NJ, Mother Elizabeth Anne; St John the Evangelist, Dublin, Sr Marianne Ruth, 85; St Margaret, Aberdeen, Sr Mary Dorothea; St Mary the Virgin, Wantage, Sr Dorothea, 95, and Sr Helen Mary, 88; Transfiguration, Glendale, Oh, Sr Grace Elizabeth, 75; and Resurrection, Mirfield, Fr Philip Henry Speight, 96, Fr Maurice Wadham Bradshaw, 80, and Fr Justin Pearce, 80, in whose prayer book was found a neatly cut card with M Wilmhurst's lines, "Grant me today the /Simplicity of childhood;/The enthusiasm of youth;/The wisdom of



maturity;/ And the gentleness of old age."

PARABLE OF THE GOOD EPISCOPALIAN

NOW IT CAME to pass as the summer drew nigh that Mr Parishioner lifted up his eyes unto the North and said, "Lo, the hot days cometh, and even now are at hand."

He paused and continued, "Come, let us go unto the North, where cool breezes will refresh us and glorious scenes await."

His wife smiled and replied, "Thou speakest wisely. Yet three, nay, four, things, must we do before we go."

Mr Parishioner admitted "Three things I can think of, but not four. We must arrange for the flowers to be weeded, the chickens fed, and the mail forwarded, but the fourth eludes my mind."

As always, Mrs Parishioner tidied his thinking. "The fourth is like unto the first three, yet more important than all. Thou shalt dig down into thy purse and pay thy church tithe, that the good name of the Church be preserved, and that it may be well with thee; for, verily, I say unto thee, thou hast more money now than thou wilt have when thou dost return."

And it came to pass that, before departing, Mr and Mrs Parishioner



PRAISING THE ORDINARY

THE EXTRAORDINARY is easy; and the more extraordinary the Extraordinary is, the easier it is—"easy" in the sense that we can almost always recognize it, it does not let you shrug your shoulders and walk away.

But the Ordinary [as differentiated, ecclesiastically, the Ordinary being one who ordains] is a much harder case; it is around us all the time. The Ordinary has got itself in a bad fix with us because we hardly ever notice it. The Ordinary, simply by *being* so ordinary, tends to make us neglectful; when something does not insist on being noticed, we take for granted the very things that most deserve our gratitude. But the Ordinary *does* deserve our gratitude, for it lets us live out our humanity; it doesn't scare us.

Ordinariness can be defined as a breathing space—the breathing space between getting born and dying, perhaps, or else the breathing space between rapture

(*Parable of the Good, continued*) paid their tithe for the summer. The treasurer rejoiced greatly, saying, "Of a truth, there are those who care for the Lord's work!" And it was so!—St John Baptist, Wausau, Diocese of Fond du Lac

and rapture, or, more usually, between one disaster and the next. Ordinariness is like a ride on the hour hand of the clock: it moves in a way that is expected. And what is expected is not often thought of as a gift.—Cynthia Ozick, *Praise of the Predictable*, quoted in *The Anthem*, St Andrew's, Clawson, Diocese of Michigan

THE 23RD CHANNEL

THE TV IS MY shepherd, I shall not want. It makes me lie down on the sofa. It leads me away from the Faith. It destroys my soul. It leads me in the paths of sex and violence for the sponsor's sake. Yea, though I walk in the shadow of Christian responsibilities, there will be no interruption, for the TV is with me. Its cable and its remote control, they comfort me. It prepares a commercial before me in the presence of my worldliness. It anoints my head with humanism and consumerism: my coveting runneth over. Surely laziness and ignorance shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house watching TV forever.—St Timothy's in the City and Diocese of Fort Worth



ACCORDING TO —

- The Intercession Paper of the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity in the City and Diocese of Fond du Lac: We grow in Christ and Christ grows in us. In us, self must die, that we may rise from the grave of what we are, to the glory of what we should be.
- A West Virginia Churchwoman writing to TAD: Our Church is like everything else in the world today. It has changed. But maybe that is the way God wants it to be. It was once very High Church, and the choir sang all the lovely old chants and the *Te Deum*. But, no matter, high or low, I still find the worship incomparably beautiful.
- Theologian J S Whale: Belief in the Resurrection is not an appendage to the Christian faith; it *is* the Christian faith . . . The Gospel cannot explain the Resurrection; it is the Resurrection which alone explains the Gospels.
- Columnist Dorothy Day: If we would render unto God the things that are God's, there would be damn little left for Caesar.
- *A Place Apart* from New York's

ON COUNTING ON OTHERS

In villages of yesteryear when families had their own vineyards, one-tenth of the wine was placed in a large vat inside the Church to be used for Holy Communion and village holidays.

One year when the harvest was smaller, one of the farmers decided to keep all of his wine. When the time came to empty his family's share into the common vat, he poured in water. After all, he thought, with the many offerings from the vineyards, a little water would make little difference and he would try to make it up the next year.

A year later when the priest and villagers gathered for the first tasting from the vat, the mayor opened the spigot to begin the celebration. Clear water poured into his glass. As it happened, all the farmers had thought their offering to be of little importance. Each had held back the tithe. And there was no wine in the common vat for the village festivities or even for the Sacrament. —Fr Robert Durkee, Grace Church, Medford, Diocese of Massachusetts

Retreat House of the Redeemer: Today we must deliberately set aside a secluded time and place for the vital ingredient of spiritual renewal, just as so many are doing for physical fitness. Otherwise, the fever of life in the fast lane overcomes our best intentions, and we quickly become spiritually flabby and forgetful.

• **Novelist Harold Pickett:** I would not be able to write fiction if it weren't for Catholics. I treat evangelicalism like an ethnic experience. But I had to go to Catholic writers like Flannery O'Connor to understand the fullness of the evangelical experience, which its own vocabulary cannot account for.

• **US Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger:** The entire legal profession — lawyers, judges, law teachers — has become so mesmerized with the stimulation of the courtroom contest that we tend to forget that we ought to be healers of conflicts. Doctors, in spite of astronomical medical costs, still retain a high degree of public confidence because they are perceived as healers. Should lawyers not be healers? Healers, not warriors? Healers, not procurers? Healers, not hired guns?

• **Sewanee Dean John Booty on T S Eliot's *Little Gidding*:** It is love working, beckoning us on, leading us through fire, fire that torments and refines in painful trial. It is

love, the wounded surgeon, who endures the fire on our behalf and provides the fire that energizes us with the divine Spirit to begin again, to live anew and to join the dance at the still point, participants in eternal life.

• **The VIII Bishop of Michigan:** We are proclaiming the Gospel when we make known to someone that she or he is significant and important, for the Gospel is that we love and accept one another even as God has loved and accepted us.

• **The London *Daily Telegraph*:** Children's choirs from the fruit orchards of Kent got their teeth into their jobs when they heralded the dawn at London's Covent Garden market; the vested choristers were singing carols as they collected apples to present to the Queen Mother and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, reviving the ancient custom of "wassailing" — the giving of apples to "banish all unhappiness from the old year and bring nothing but good in the New Year."

• **The VII Bishop of California, addressing the 134th diocesan convention:** We are a strange and beautiful gathering of scattered individuals. But in the revelation of Jesus Christ and in the power of the Holy Spirit, we're One.

• **Fr Paul Goodland, Rector of SS John and David, Ames, Diocese of Iowa:** We have reached a new height (or low) in publishing in

our supplement to *The Episcopalian* the list of all parishes which give 1% of their budgets to a seminary—a prelude, I suspect, to a resolution that we publish such a list of all parishioners. The question is whether this is Christianity by pride or prejudice.

• A TAD reader in the Diocese of Utah: I do not like the separation of the prayer for "All Sorts and Conditions" from the General Confession; they belong together like Pat and Mike or salt and pepper.

• Novelist Muriel Spark on the International Commission on English in the Liturgy: As writers we're there as stooges to soothe the conscience of priests but I think they'll take no notice whatever of my objection to prayers that tell God what He's like. "Oh, God, Thou art merciful . . ." as if God didn't know.

• The Rector of Redeemer, Okmulgee, Diocese of Oklahoma: Every area of parish life needs workers. Once-in-a-while, occasional, or unplanned presence does not do it. So make that decision today. We have great ideas, but few willing to carry them out. So—come forward! Do the work of the Church and it will grow. No matter who talks to us or what they talk about, results will only come when we do our work and commit ourselves to making our parish a part of the Church. □

BY WILL AND DEED

★ SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF WALSHINGHAM, Diocese of Norfolk, \$8,000 from Mrs Ada Winifred Brown and like amounts to Guild of All Souls and Society of the Sacred Mission, Anglican monastic order, in addition to \$16,000 to St Andrew's, Worthing, Diocese of Chichester.

★ TWO PARISHES, TWO HOSPITALS, AND A SISTERHOOD, bequests totaling \$395,000 from Miss Geraldine Hiller, 88, teacher and nurse who was a communicant of Trinity, Portland, Diocese of Maine. Miss Hiller left \$5,000 to her home parish and a like sum to the Church of the Ascension in the City and Diocese of New York; \$10,000 each to St Luke's and Mt Sinai hospitals, also in New York, and \$365,000 to the Community of St Mary, Peekskill, NY.

★ TRINITY-PAWLING SCHOOL, Pawling, Diocese of New York, \$350,000 from Christiana and Robert Carleton "to augment endowment which generates support for faculty salaries and student scholarships." An engineer who headed his own firm specializing in subway construction, Mr Carleton chaired the trustees of his alma mater (an offshoot of Manhattan's Trinity School founded by Trinity Parish, Wall Street) for 31 years,

and gave funds for the Carleton Gymnasium in '58 and for a classroom structure honoring former Headmaster Matthew Dann in '64.

★ SS PETER AND PAUL, Rustington, West Sussex, Diocese of Chichester, \$238,000 from Edmund George Humphrey, 85, apprentice of the London, Brighton, South Coast Railway, and later a builder of locomotives with an expertise recognized as vital during WWII and whose family name appears in parish registers as early as 1734, whose great-great-grandfather ran a windmill to produce flour, whose grandmother was the village grocer and postmistress (in Sea Lane, opposite the church's west door), and whose mother was for 34 years the mistress of the local school ("Eddie was born there," notes the parish clerk in a letter to TAD, but received "no preferential treatment"), and who is memorialized in a stained glass window dedicated in 1919. The will directs that the fund, much of it derived from property within the parish, be used for maintenance of SS Peter and Paul's, which has stood at the center of the parish for over 800 years with a tower and south arcade erected in 1170.

★ ST LUKE'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH, Portland, Diocese of Maine, \$150,000 from Rachael Lowell Lowe, 95, a member of the famous Massachusetts Lowells and widow of the Major General who

was personal counsel to President Harry S Truman during the ousting of General Douglas MacArthur from command in the Far East. As a resident of Harrison, Me, which has no Episcopal parish, Mrs Lowe was a communicant of Christ Church, Norway, Me, to which she also left a bequest of \$150,000.

★ GRACE, Chicopee, Diocese of Western Massachusetts, the annual



NEW YORK VIGNETTE

WHEN FRANK CAMPBELL, 65, retired after more than three decades as a faithful letter carrier in New York's Greenwich Village, the recipients of the countless pieces of mail decided to toast him with cider and cookies in the parish house of St John's-in-the-Village. "He brought us stamps, made sure of safe delivery of packages and Social Security checks, and did other things that most people only do around Christmas," said one citizen. "For Frank, every day was Christmas." But it remained for the veteran postman to have the last word in thanking one of his admirers who had whispered good luck and given him a cut-out picture of his cat. "A wonderful man," he said. "I used to stop every day at his place for a glass of water."—*New York Times*

income from a trust fund that is expected to be between \$130,000 and \$150,000 from Edward Cousins, 85, a retired executive of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co, Akron, Ohio. Mr Thomas had discussed his estate with the Rector of Grace, his boyhood parish, and with St Paul's, Akron, as to where his bequests might be most needed, finally settling on Grace, which had been a mission for over a century. It was also named beneficiary of two life insurance policies, personal jewelry, and a coin collection.

★ ST MARY MAGDALENE, Villa Park, Diocese of Chicago, \$127,000 from Miss Mary Klopp, 95, who with her sister, Hattie, who predeceased her, was a charter member of the parish on its founding in 1946. It also received a bequest of \$2,000 from another charter member, John Lessing, 94, who was several times senior warden and a prime mover in relocating the church in 1960 and in directing fellow parishioners in most of its construction. Both gifts were unrestricted. In addition, Mr Lessing willed \$19,800, representing 45% of his estate, to the Diocese of Chicago, which will use it for endowment.

★ TRINITY, Rutland, Vt, \$35,000 from Mrs May Wolcott, 75, who emigrated from Wales with her husband and during the next half-century worked with the

Altar Guild and ECW while she rarely missed fulfilling her Sunday obligation to worship; the unrestricted bequest was used for parish endowment.

★ ALL SAINTS, Scotch Plains, Diocese of New Jersey, \$25,000 from Bonita Gavin, 72, Altar Guild treasurer and retired employee of New York's Singer Corporation.

★ PEMBROKE COLLEGE, Cambridge, founded 1624, approximately \$24,000 (of an estate of \$300,000) from Fr Meredith Ballard Dewey, 76, whose entire adult life—except for a decade as seminarian, curate, and navy chaplain—was bound up with Pembroke's from his days as a scholar (where he won first-class bachelor's and master's degrees) to 37 years as Fellow and Dean, and, since '73, as a Life Fellow.

★ ST PHILIP'S, Garrison-on-Hudson, Diocese of New York, \$5,000 from Mrs Hilma Robinson, 77, Cornwall, NY; also \$5,000 from Mrs Frederick Osborn, 88, widow of a Major General who was a life-long parishioner; plus an undetermined amount still in probate from the estate of Mrs Kate Cheesman Young, Woodbury, Ct, a former communicant who was unknown to the rector of 23 years until he was called to read the Burial Office. □





QUARTER WATCH

¶ St. Mark's, San Antonio, Diocese of West Texas, marked its patronal festival with an observance of the 50th anniversary of the marriage in its sanctuary of late President Lyndon Johnson and his wife, Lady Bird. The bride was present, as were her maid of honor, the best man, and the officiant, Arthur Raymond McKinstry, later V Bishop of Delaware, '39-54.

¶ Symbolizing the close relationship between priests and the episcopate, young Matt Brooks neatly lassoed the VII Bishop of Montana and Fr Richard Hicks, new Vicar of Holy Trinity, Jeffers; asked to repeat the feat, Matt made another calm and certain swing of the rope as cameras clicked. "Here's the gang that did it," commented *The Episcopal Evangel* in picturing the participants grouped in front of the altar with the young cowboy. "Even Will Rogers couldn't have topped it!"

¶ Visitors who stopped at the Episcopal Book Club's exhibit at General Convention in New Orleans to sign birthday greetings to Robert Runcie, 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury, may renew their good wishes when he turns 64 on 2 October (a birth date he shares with Mahatma Gandhi) by writing

His Grace at Lambeth Palace, London SE1 7JU; they also may send their regards to his predecessor, Michael Ramsey, who will be 80 on 14 November and is living at 16 South Bailey, Durham, England DH1 3EQ.

¶ A director of the Banque Europeenne pour l'Amerique Latine (BEAL), Dirk Willen van Leeuwen, 37, who was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church when he began attending Anglican services in Singapore and later a layreader in England, received holy orders at the hands of the Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of Europe in a ceremony at the Pro-Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Brussels, where he is assisting while continuing his banking career.

¶ Dr Grady Wilson Powell, a black Baptist pastor, has succeeded the retired X Bishop of Virginia as chairman of trustees of St Paul's College, Lawrenceville, Va., and Richmond attorney Robert Pegram Buford is vice-chairman of the institution whose founder was started on the road to ordination by a gift of \$50 from Buford's great-grandmother in 1878.

¶ Organists representing nine Episcopal parishes, and two Roman Catholic, two non-denominational, a Presbyterian and a Luth-

In the days to come, *In His Image* may well figure in your thinking about some vulnerable aspects of contemporary life to which it does not directly refer: the Temple of the Holy Spirit assaulted by the increased use of drugs, desire for undue slimness, and the sometimes narcissistic preoccupation in looking younger while living longer. Whatever the case, no reader will put it down without

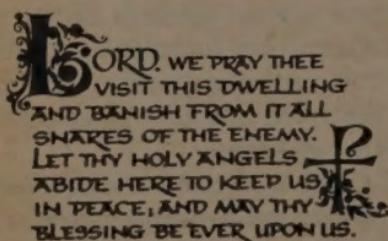


(Quarter Watch, continued)

eran church, played half-hour concerts in a Bach-a-thon from 12:30 to 8 PM in Chicago's Cathedral Church of St James.

¶ Since retiring as Senior Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, Edward "Pete" Dorsey has enrolled at the Episcopal Theological Seminary in the City and Diocese of Lexington (Ky) to study for ordination.

¶ Watch for arrival of a special letter from us that includes a detachable copy of the popular Hillspeak house blessing. A larger 5- by 7-inch size printed in two colors on cream parchment paper is available for 50 cents a copy or five for two dollars.



¶ Among 80 yew trees at Packwood House, a Warwickshire estate maintained by the National Trust, are 13 large yews planted in 1655 to represent Christ and His disciples at the Sermon on the Mount. The smaller trees, added in the last century, symbolize the congregation on the Mount.

¶ Having succeeded the Father Founder in 1980, redesigned the magazine, and edited it for four years — a period spanning 23 editions of *The Anglican Digest* and the selection of 21 titles for the *Episcopal Book Club*, plus travel throughout the world — I am signing off with this issue. As some of you know, I have been living in Manhattan since January, 1983 and, God willing, will continue my life as a priest-journalist and as a member of the clergy staff of St Michael's Church, 225 West 99th St, New York, NY 10025. Please accept my sincere thanks for your prayers and warm encouragement. May God be with you until we meet again in Christ's ministry of the printed word.—James B Simpson†

(Cream of the Crop, continued)

increased gratitude for the Creator's handiwork. We gain refreshed respect for how well our bodies serve us if not always Him, continually responding to emergencies, ever intent on healing. The study, for instance, of the blood that courses in our veins, as compared to the sacrifice of Calvary poured out for our salvation, speaks quite directly to Episcopalian Eucharistic theology. "Why, yes, I never thought of it that way!" said one of our advance readers, a devout Methodist lady. Another of our volunteer consultants spoke of *In His Image* as "a medically-informed meditation." And, he added, "The account of the birth process causes us to more keenly appreciate what each of us has been through, the memory of which we are believed to retain, although not in conscious memory."

The book ends in a beautiful essay on Christ's alliance with suffering, an account to which Dr Brand brings his whole life experience as a physician and Christian. "May the Holy Spirit be your Counselor as you read," he says, "so that the words may come alive and speak to you, not as my voice or Philip's, but as a voice from fellow members of the Body of Christ, under the direction of the Head." —JBS†

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